1340-e.16.

# POST-OFFICE Intelligence:

OR,

# *Universal Gallantry.*

BEING, A

# COLLECTION

OF

# LOVE-LETTERS,

WRITTEN

By Persons, in all Stations, from most Parts of the Kingdom. Faithfully published from their Originals, returned into the *General-Post-Office* in *Lombard*-Street, the Parties to whom they were directed being either Dead, or removed from their usual Places of Abode.

---

*The Am'rous* Quaker *here, is set to View;*
*The* Cook-Maid, Courtezan, *and* Liv'ry-Crew;
*Th' intriguing* Priest, *the* Soldier, *All Degrees*
*Encamp'd with* Mars, *or* Venus, *which you please,*
*In ev'ry Class th' Adventurers take their Turn,*
*In Love they Languish, and for Love they Burn.*

---

WITH

*Rational Remarks* upon Mr. *POPE*'s LETTERS, and some of his *former* and *late Productions.*

---

*LONDON:*

Printed for E. CURLL, at *Pope*'s Head, in *Rose*-Street, *Covent-Garden.* 1736. Price 3 *s.*

PATON TRUSTEES'
SPECIAL COLLECTION
LOVE-LETTERS

# *Of the Praiſe of* TOBACCO.

Written in Imitation of the Style of *Ambroſe Philips*, Eſq;

PRetty Tube of mighty Power,*
Charmer of an idle Hour,
Object of my hot Deſire,
Lips of Wax and Eye of Fire,
And thy ſnowy taper Waiſt,
With my Finger gently brac'd,
And thy lovely ſwelling Creſt,
With my bended Stopper preſs'd,
And the ſweeteſt Bliſs of Bliſſes,
Breathing from thy balmy Kiſſes:
Happy thrice and thrice agen,
Happieſt he of happy Men,
Who when agen the Night returns,
When agen the Taper burns,
When agen the Cricket's gay,
(Little Cricket full of Play)
Can afford his Tube to feed
With the fragrant *Indian* Weed,
Pleaſure for a Noſe divine,
Incenſe of the God of Wine,
Happy thrice and thrice agen,
Happieſt he of happy Men.

* See his Verſes on Miſs *Carteret*.

*Mr.*

## *Mr.* THOMSON's *Style Imitated.* *

O Thou, matur'd by glad *Heſperian* Suns,
*Tobacco!* fountain pure of limpid Truth,
That look'ſt the very Soul: whence pouring Thoughts
Swarms all the Mind, abſorpt in yellow Care,
And at each Puff Imagination burns.
Flaſh on thy Bard, and with exalting Fires
Touch the myſterious Lip that chaunts thy Praiſe,
In Strains to mortal Sons of Earth unknown;
Behold an Engine wrought from tawny Mines
Of ductile Clay with plaſtic Virtue form'd
And glaz'd magnific o'er, I graſp, I fill
From *Pætotheke* with pungent Powers perfum'd,
It ſelf one Tortoiſe all, where lives imbib'd
Each parent Ray, then rudely ram'd illume
With the red Touch of Zeal-enkindling Sheet,
Mark'd with *Gibſonian* Lore, forth iſſue Clouds
Thought-thrilling, Thirſt-inciting Clouds around
And many-mining Fires; I all the while
Lolling at Eaſe, inhale the breezy Balm;
But chief when *Bacchus* wont with thee to joyn
In genial Strife, and Orthodoxal Ale
Stream Life and Joy into the Muſes Bowl.
Oh! be thou ſtill my great Inſpirer, thou
My Muſe, oh! fan me with thy Zephyr's boon,
While I, in clouded Tabernacle ſhrin'd,
Burſt forth all Oracle and myſtic Song.

* See his Seaſons.

## *Dr.* YOUNG's *Style, Imitated.* *

CRITICS avaunt, *Tobacco* is my Theme,
Tremble like Hornets at the blaſting Steam,
And you, Court-Inſects, flutter not too near
Its Light, nor buz within the ſcorching Sphere.
*Pollio*, with Flame like thine my Verſe inſpire,
So ſhall the Muſe from Smoke elicit Fire.
Coxcombs prefer the tickling Sting of Snuff,
Yet all their Claim to Wiſdom is——a Puff,
Lord *Fopling* ſmokes not, for his Teeth afraid,
Sir *Taudry* ſmokes not——for he wears Brocade.
Ladies, when Pipes are brought, affect to ſwoon,
They love no Smoke, except the Smoke of Town,
But Courtiers hate the puffing Tribe——no matter,
Strange, if they lov'd the Breath that cannot flatter.
The tainted Templar (more prodigious yet)
Rails at *Tobacco*——tho' it makes him ſpit,
*Citrona*, vows it has an odious Stink,
She will not Smoke (ye Gods!) but ſhe will Drink.
And chaſte *Prudella* (blame her if you can)
Says Pipes are us'd by that vile Creature, Man.
Yet Crouds remain, who ſtill its Worth proclaim,
While ſome for Pleaſure Smoke, and ſome for Fame;
Fame, of our Actions univerſal Spring,
For which we Drink, Eat, Sleep, Smoake, every thing.

* See the *Univerſal Paſſion.*

*Mr.*

# *Mr.* POPE's *Style, Imitated.* *

BLEST Leaf, whose aromatic Gales diſpenſe
To Templars, Modeſty, to Parſons, Senſe;
(So raptur'd Prieſts, at fam'd *Dodona*'s Shrine,
Drink Inſpiration from the Steam Divine)
Poiſon that cures, a Vapour that affords
Content more ſolid than the Smile of Lords,
Reſt to the Weary, to the Hungry Food,
The laſt kind Refuge of the Wiſe and Good.
Inſpir'd by thee, dull Cits adjuſt the Scale
Of *Europe*'s Peace, when other Statеſmen fail,
By thee protected, and thy Siſter Beer,
Poets rejoyce, nor think the Bayliff near:
Nor leſs the Critic owns thy genial Aid,
While Supperleſs he plies the piddling Trade,
What tho' to Love and ſoft Delight a Foe,
By Ladies hated, hated by the Beau,
Yet ſocial Freedom, long to Court's unknown,
Fair Health, fair Truth and Virtue are thy own.
Come to thy Poet, come with healing Wings,
And let me taſte thee, Unvexeis'd by Kings.

* See *Ethic Epiſtles.*

# TO THE READER

THE most judicious and celebrated Dr. *Donne*, Dean of St. *Paul's*, thus delivers himself to his honoured Friend, Sir *Thomas Lucy*. *I make Account that Writing of Letters, when it is with any Seriousness, is a kind of Extasy, and a Departure and Secession and Suspension of the Soul, which doth then communicate it self to two Bodies* ——

And in Commendation of the Capacity of the [illegible] for writing Letters, he gives it as his Opinion, *that if any Carrier of Letters, going to Oxford or Cambridge, should chance to be robbed of his Letters by the Way; a Man would, peradventure, meet with more Wit, in that poor Budget, than in some whole Book of Foreign Modern Printed Letters, of some other Nations.*

Such a Collection is here offered to thy View, and may be continued, if this Specimen meets with a kind Reception; the Number told out of the *Post-Office* being very considerable.

The Public having been lately presented with the *laboured* LETTERS of Men of Wit and Learning; it was thought an agreeable Variety to mingle,

mingle, as an *Oglio*, with *those*, the Operations produced by Love among People destitute of Literature, or Reading, and whose Pens have been only guided by the undisguised Dictates of Nature.

We have not any Thing farther to add, in this Place, but (as Mr. *Pope*'s Pen is accounted the present Standard of Writing) shall conclude with the following Sentiments of the *Passion* of *Love*, and the *Use* of *Letters*, *viz.*

## *Of LOVE.* By Mr. POPE.

O Happy State! when Souls each other draw,
When Love is Liberty, and Nature Law;
All then is full, possessing and possest,
No craving Void left aching in the Breast;
Ev'n Thought meets Thought, e'er from the Lips it part,
And each warm Wish springs mutual from the Heart.

## *To the* READER.

### *Of the* USE *of* LETTERS.

HEAV'N first taught LETTERS for some Wretch's Aid,
Some banish'd Lover, or some captive Maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what *Love* inspires,
Warm from the Soul, and faithful to its Fires;
The Virgin's Wish, without her Fears, impart,
Excuse the Blush, and pour out All the Heart;
Speed the soft Intercourse from Soul to Soul,
And waft a Sigh from *Indus* to the *Pole*.

*A. POPE.*

THE

# CONTENTS.

LETTER I. MR. *Squire* to Miſs *Cole*, in *Covent-Garden*. *An honourable Lover, but dreads his Rival.* Page 1.

II. *Benjamin Brinton*, a Quaker, to *Rebecca Elwell*, in *Warwickſhire*. *Scripture Courtſhip, with Love Verſes.* p. 3 & 6.

III. *John Hill*, a Sailor, to Miſs *Willis*, at *Shere-Hampton*, &c. *Acquainting her with his Return from* Jamaica. p. 7.

IV. To *Job Cromwell*, Eſq; at the Theatre, *Oxon*. *Directing him in the Choice of a Miſtreſs.* p. 8.

V. Honeſt *David Williams*, a Welchman, to his Sweetheart, Mrs. *Margaret Hiatt*, at *Cowbridge*, *Glamorganſhire*. *True* Britiſh *Love.* p. 11.

VI. The Rev. Mr. *Fisher*, at *London*, to the Rev. Mr. *Kendall*, Curate of *Mersey*, in *Cumberland*, giving him an Account of *his Adventures with the Misses of the Town.* p. 12.

VII. *Mary Watkins*, to *John Dolling* at the *White-Swan* in *East-Street*, in *Taunton*, *Somersetshire*. Begging *to hear from him.* p. 13.

VIII. To Mr. *James Raven*, Officer of Excise in *Yarmouth*. *From his Sweetheart in* London, *who thinks it long to see him.* p. 14.

IX. To *John* *****, at *Saltash*, in *Cornwall*, from his kept *Mistress* in *London*. *Relating a Rencounter she had met with.* p. 16.

X. *Thomas Gent* (of *Lewes* in *Sussex*) to *Mary Hallett*, at Mr. *Dann*'s at *Offspring*, near *Feversham*. *Imploring her to grant him* Love *for* Love. p. 18.

XI. *Betsy White*'s earnest Petition to her *Sweetheart*, to hasten to *London*. p. 19.

XII. *Jenny Walker*, to *James Barker*, at *Hertford*. *Upon finding her self with Child.* p. 20.

XIII. *Dick Parker*, to *Hannah Bell*, at *Hesson*, *Northumberland*. *Expressing the Violence of his Passion for Her.* p. 22.

XIV. *John*

XIV. *John Burnham*, Lady *Abingdon*'s Footman, to his Sweetheart. *Strong Love.* p. 23.
XV. *Will Smith*, at *Chelmsford*, to *Nanny Vergo*, at *Stanwel-Moor*, near *Staines*. Assuring her, *he shall run distracted, if he does not hear from her.* p. 25.
XVI. To Captain *Hooke*, from a Girl over whom he had just made a Conquest. *Earnestly inviting him to her Embraces.* p. 27.
XVII. From *John Mountford*, an Apothecary's Man, to *Nanny Williams*, in *Berkshire*. *In the most earnest Terms of honourable Love.* p. 29.
XVIII. *J. C.* on presenting a young Lady with a bleeding Heart, for having *wounded* him with her *all-conquering Eyes.* p. 31.
XIX. *John Brown*, to Mrs. *Barbara Tabritt*, in the *Strand*. *Desiring her not to make a Fool, or a Ninny-Hammer of him.* p. 32.
XX. *Thomas Joyce*, to Mrs. *Mary Cheens*. *With the strangest Protestations of his everlasting Constancy.* p. 33.
XXI. *Thomas Lake* to Miss *Anne*, his double-hearted Mistress, with an Epigram. p. 34.
XXII. *Mary Wilson*, to Mr. *Thomas Hughes* in *Colchester*. *Returning her Love for his Affection.* p. 36.
XXIII. A most extatic Epistle to Mr. *John Knight*, from his *Sweetheart.* p. 37.

XXIV. *Encore.* Another of the ſame Strain to the *ſame Perſon.* p. 39.
XXV. *Thomas Morris,* to Mrs. *Mary Harood,* at *Briſtol. Giving an Account of their mutual Vows.* p. 40.
XXVI. *James Wyborne* (a Quaker) to his Friend *William Baſtick,* Gunſmith in *Hereford.* Deſcribing the *Acts,* and *Conſequences* of *promiſcuous Copulation,* metaphorically explained and illuſtrated by *Similies.* p. 41.
XXVII. *Sarah Haxford,* to Mr. *Jone Stone,* at *Newcaſtle upon Tyne.* Acquainting him, *ſhe had got her Friends Conſent to marry him.* With a Copy of Verſes. p. 45.
XXVIII. *John Elkins,* to Mrs. *Anne Anſaw,* at the *Bath.* Telling her, *if ſhe wont come to him, he'll fly to her.* p. 47.
XXIX. *Edward Harriſon* to his *Sweetheart,* complaining of her Unkindneſs in not Writing to him. p. 48.
XXX. To *Mary Cock,* at *Newbury,* from her Gallant, who upbraids her for letting him get her with Child. p. 49.
XXXI. *John Cartwright,* Widower, (a Quaker) to Mrs. *Lowe,* a Widow, of *Bromſgrove, Worceſterſhire. A Gentlewoman of a good Fortune, with a Tender of his Love and Affection.* p. 51.

# The CONTENTS.

XXXII. The Counteſs of *Deloraine*'s Advice to her God-Daughter, the Lady *** p. 52.

XXXIII. *Damon* and *Celia*: or, Military Gallantry, being the Letters which paſſed between Capt. *C.* and the famous Mrs. *S****, Punk-Errant of *Briſtol.* p. 64.

*Corydon* and *Phyllis*, a *London* Amour.

Of the Praiſe of *Tobacco.* In Imitation of the Style of Four Modern Poets, *viz.* Mr. *Philips*, *Thomſon*, Dr. *Young*, and Mr. *Pope.*

Rational Remarks on Mr. *Pope*'s Letters, and ſome of his former and late Productions. In a Letter to Colonel *B*****

# A COLLECTION OF GENUINE LOVE LETTERS.

## LETTER I.

*To Mrs.* COLE, *in Maiden-Lane.*

*Thursday Evening, Octob.* 21. 1725.

*Dear Madam,*

AS I have had the Honour and Happiness of being admitted to a familiar Converſation with you, ſo your obliging Deportment and perſonal Endowments have made a deep

that it were in my Power to remove the unhappy Obſtacle which is at preſent the Barrier of your Affections; and as Virtue is the only amiable Object, ſo it is moſt worthy of Eſteem, and accordingly will, by Perſons of a diſcerning Judgment, always be regarded as ſuch. Upon this Motive, I at firſt made my Addreſſes to you, in which, as I was guided by the excellent Character you bore, ſo I find it in every Part to equal, if [redacted] exceed, the Recommendation; and in order to this, I did not put on the Mien and Air of a flaſhy Fop, or accoſt you with the Language of a fawning Sycophant, but with Words of Sincerity and Truth, and ſuch I ſhall always reckon to be with Perſons of Sagacity (amongſt whom I count yourſelf) of more Eſteem, and greater Force than the moſt exalted Strains of ſoothing Eloquence. As therefore, you are endued with a Faculty of diſtinguiſhing Things and Perſons according to their Merit, ſo let a Regard to your own Felicity prevail with you, not to reject the Suit of one, who is ſincere in the Cauſe of Virtue, and hearty in his Affection to you;

[redacted] for

for whatever Idea we may frame of Happiness, most certain it is, that Persons of either Sex, who would be happy in a married State, must not be guided by a bare Regard to Temporal Advantages, but something of a more noble and lasting Kind, the Endowments of the Soul. I am, with hearty Affection,

*Your great Admirer, and most obedient humble Servant,*

Richard Squire.

---

## LETTER II.

*To Mrs.* Rebecca Elwell, *at* Broomwich Heath, Warwickshire.

Maidstone, *June* 16. 1726.

My Dear Rebecca, Gen. 25:20.

*I Have written a Letter unto you in few Words.* Hebr. 13:22.

*For out of much Affliction and Anguish of Heart, I wrote unto you with many Tears, not that you should be grieved, but that you* 2 Cor. 2:4.

might know the Love that I have more abundantly unto you.

2 John 1: 5. And now I beseech thee, Lady, not as tho' I wrote a new Commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the Beginning, that we love one another.

John 15: 13. Greater Love hath no Man than I, for to lay down Life for Love.

Ps. 73: 25. There is none upon Earth that I desire besides thee.

Sol. Song. 1: 15. Behold thou art fair, my Love, behold thou art fair.

4: 9. Thou hast ravished my Heart, thou hast ravished my Heart.

2: 14. Let me see thy Countenance, let me hear thy Voice; for sweet is thy Voice, and thy Countenance is comely.

Ruth 1: 16, 17. Intreat me not to leave thee, or return from following after thee; for whither Thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried: The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but Death part thee and me.

Sol. Song 8: 6, 7. Set me as a Seal upon thy Heart, and as a Seal upon thy Arm, for Love is as strong as Death, Jealousy

*Jealouſy is cruel as the Grave: The Coals thereof are Coals of Fire, which hath a moſt vehement Flame. Many Waters cannot quench Love, neither can the Floods drown it.*

*I am ſure, that when I come unto you, I ſhall come with Love and Joy by the Will of God, That I may with you be refreſhed.* Rom. 15:29, 32.

*Now the Peace of God be with you.* 33.

*My Love is without Diſſimulation.* 12:9.

My Dear, I am

Your faithful Lover, and conſtant Adorer till Death,

*Benjamin Brinton.*

P. S. My deareſt Jewel, if you forſake me, I will bid Farewell to the World and all therein, for there is none in it, I take any Notice of, but your dear ſelf. My Dear, I ſhall while I live, ſo ſtudy to oblige you, that I may deſerve to be your moſt faithful Slave and conſtant Lover

*B. B.*

*A Bloom like thine attends the vernal Rose,*
*Such White the Lilly of the Valley shows:*
*My Love, thy Charms the rest of your Sex surpass,*
*As loftier Vines excel the lowly Grass.*
*Come forth, my Love, compleat thy Swain's*
*Delight,*
*And give thy beauteous Person to his Sight.*
*Such fresh Delight that sweetest Rose can give,*
*That in thy Garden I could ever live.*
*Tall as the Palm thy Mien, Thy juicy Breast*
*Like clustring Grapes inviting to be prest.*
*Then let me strait that stately Vine ascend,*
*Grasp'd in my Arms the blooming Boughs shall*
*bend.*
*The clustring Graps ein my Embrace shall bleed,*
*And on thy fragrant balmy Breath I'll feed.*
*My dearest Life, Oh! take me to thy Heart,*
*And never with thy endless Lover part:*
*O, seal me, stamp me on thy tender Mind,*
*And leave the strong Impression deep behind.*

I am,

My Dear, once more Your everlasting Admirer,

*Benjamin Brinton.*

## LETTER III.

*To Mrs.* Mary Willis, *at* Shere Hampton *near* Hongrode, Glouceſterſhire.

*Jamaica, July* 20. 1726.

*My Dear,*

THis comes to inform you of my ſafe Arrival at *Jamaica*, and am in perfect Health, (bleſſed be God for it) and want nothing now to compleat my Happineſs but one Line or two from your dear ſweet Hand, which would be more preferable to me than all the Riches ever I ſaw; ſo my Dear, pray let me hear from you as ſoon as poſſible, for there is never a Time I lay my Head on my Pillow but I dream of you, whereof it does very much trouble my Spirits. Was you ſenſible of the Burthen I bear, you would certainly bear part of the Yoak with me, without a Heart of Stone. Well, I hope you will continue in the Promiſe you made me. I am very much grieved in Mind for Fear you ſhould hearken to falſe Stories and evil Reports, whereof my Dear you know, there are ſome People that do make it their

Business to concern themselves about our Affairs. So concluding with my Love and Service from

*Your most affectionate Lover till Death,*

John Hill.

---

## LETTER IV.

*To* Job Cromwell, *Esq; at the* Theatre, Oxon.

*Dear Job,*

WE, whose Names are hereunto subscribed, are now at the Swan and Rummer, drinking your Health, and you, it is probable, from the sober Life you are resolved to lead, are philosophising on some learned Subject; it may be looking thro' a Telescope at the Spots in the Moon, or in a Microscope, counting how many Legs a Louse has, or perhaps dissecting a Maidenhead. But I have forgot to congratulate you on your late Resolution of living sober, tho I hope this won't hinder a merry Glass, nor deprive

deprive your old Acquaintance of your Company. Temperance, like other Virtues, consists in a Medium, and therefore to drink not at all, or but a little, would be Intemperance; all Excess is vicious, and so of Consequence a small Quantity is as intemperate as too much: Liquor is always good as long as one's Friends are chearful; when Noise and Nonsense, Sleep and Drowsiness intrude, take your Hat and be gone. Sobriety and Mirth are always consistent, and I have often thought, that even Drunkenness, when it steals upon a Company, without excluding Mirth and Gaiety, is no Vice; that is, when all are equally drunk and in such a good Humour, to be merry at every thing; they are at least as happy as those Mad-men, who fancy themselves Kings, and who enjoy the same Gaiety and Satisfaction as the most ambitious Monarch; it is the Love of Liquor for its own Sake, that makes the Sot, and Sinner also.

Take heed of the Girls at *Oxford*, the Men there have hard Heads, and the Women hot Tails. A common Woman can give no Satisfaction to an ingenious Mind, the Pleasure is too low, mean and sordid: Whore not at all, if possible, but if you must, chuse a fit Object, one that is young, vigorous, handsome, one that will have

an

an equal Enjoyment, an equal Satisfaction in the Sport, and whose after Endearments will renew the tired Vigour, and rekindle the Flame; one that will love you as well as your Bed, and will not share it with others. Such a one, you will say, is hard to be got, but she must have those Qualities to make her valuable; it is the Scarcity that makes every thing valued; it is so in Riches: Had every one W——'s Estate, W—— would be poor: Honour and Jewels are valued meerly for their Scarcity, they have no other Distinction. We all join in approving your Resolution of Sobriety, provided you keep up to the Rules aforesaid.

Witness our Own Hands.

*Nov.* 1. 1716.

*Edward Dagley.*
*Charles Weller.*

## LETTER V.

*To Mrs.* Margaret Hiatt, *at* Cowbridge Glamorganshire.

*Nov.* 1. 1726.

*Madam,*

MY Dear Love, this is with my kind Love and Service to you, hoping to God you are in good Health, as I am, and hoping to God, to see your fair Face in a short time. I am working in *Newport* Market, at Mr. *Mastall's*, a Gunsmith, for 14 Pounds a Year. My Dear, I shall never love any Woman as I did love you, nor never will love one better as long as I live, thinking always of you. My Dear, I shall never be at rest, till I come to you again, if I was forced to come down and work there for one Pound a Year, that I might have your dear Company. I desire you will send me Word the next Post how you do, for I shan't rest till I hear from you, so my Dear, I am

*Your loving Friend till Death,*

David Williams.

## LETTER VI.

*To the Reverend Mr.* Kendall, Curate *of* Morelly, Cumberland.

*Padington, Nov.* 5. 1726.

*Dear Sir,*

THis will inform you, that I have left College some time, and am placed very much to my Satisfaction. I have 30 Pounds *per Annum*, eat and drink at my Patron's Table, tipple Wine at every Meal, have the Endearing Converſation of two pretty Miſſes, 3 or 4 Servants to wait upon me, and a Horſe at my Command. I am to be Sub-Tutor to my Patron Dr. *Smith*'s Son, who is deſigned for the Univerſity next Lent, and my very good Doctor has promiſed me his beſt Offices with the Biſhop of *London* for my Advancement *.

Since I have been in Town, I have been more than once in Company of our Town Miſſes: I have kiſt and been kiſt, preſt and

---

* *Whether our Doctor ought to be advanced in the Church or turned* out *of it, let the Reader judge, from what follows.*

been

been preſt; they are ſuch delicious, amorous little Rogues it is difficult to diſengage one's ſelf. Poor *Jack Harriſon* (with Grief I ſpeak) is tipping off the Stage. I hear it was an amorous Prank occaſioned it, but this, under the Roſe. I am,

*Dear Sir,*

*Your moſt humble Servant,*

A. Fiſher.

## LETTER VII.

*To Mr.* John Dolling, *at the* White Swan *in* Eaſt-ſtreet, Taunton, Somerſetſhire.

*London, Nov.* 8. 1726.

*My Dear,*

I Have made bold to write theſe few Lines, hoping they will, &c. * bleſſed be God for it. I wonder, my Dear, that you are ſo unkind as not to let me hear from you, which troubles me very much in

* i. e. *Find you in good Health, as I am at this preſent Writing, bleſſed,* &c.

Mind

Mind for the Sake of you. You told me, tho' you was not with me in Person, that your Heart and Thoughts were with me always, but I fear the contrary; so I beg for God's Sake to let me hear from you, my Dear, for you are the only Person in the World I have any loving Thoughts of, so, my Dear, I have I hope explained my Mind to you. I rest,

*Your ever constant Lover,*

Mary Watkins.

## LETTER VIII.

*To Mr.* James Raven, Officer *of* Excise *in* Yarmouth, Norfolk.

*Jun.* 24. 1727.

*My Dear,*

I Received yours, Letter, and am very glad to hear you are better. My dear Life, the News of your being ill made me very uneasy, but I must say, that with a great deal of Consideration I can make myself

myself more easy than I used to do, but must confess to you that the Loss of your dear Company is very much every Day I live; but now I see the Misfortune of being a great way off, but I used to say, I did not care how far I went off, and still hold in that Mind, if I had but the Company of my dear Life. I always thought it hard to get into your Company, but tho' I could not so easily get into your Company, I waited daily for an Opportunity of your sweet Company, which I so often sadly mist. Your Mother is very well, my Dear, I am always glad to hear of their Health, tho' they respect me so little as they do. My Dear, I should have writ sooner, because my Love said in his Letter he longed and should be uneasy till he heard from me. My Dear, I shall think long till the time of Summer comes, then I hope to enjoy the sweet Company of my Dear Life. So must conclude and have no more to say at this time. So, my Dear Life, I am, and ever will continue

*Your sincere and faithful Lover till Death,*

## LETTER IX.

*To* John ——, *Esq; at* Saltash *in* Cornwall.

*Jan.* 31. 1727.

I Had last Night the Happiness of two Letters from my Dear *Jacky*, which was a vast Satisfaction to me, not having heard from you before in five Days. You give me a great deal of Pleasure in hoping to see you a Week sooner than I expected; for indeed I want you prodigiously, and often think of the Play in Life, how weak, how helpless is a Woman! For since you left me here exposed to the wide World, I have met as many Adventures as *Don Quixot*, tho' the last was the worst: On *Saturday* I staid in *Suffolk-street* till nine a Clock, then took Chair, and in *Dean-street* I was attacked by two Men and a Woman, they struck at *Sam*, but I perceive on such Occasions he can be very quick, for he avoided the Blow, then nimbly stept off about twenty Yards, and there gallantly stood still to see what would become of me: They came up to the Chair, and one

of

of the Fellows ſeized the laſt Chairman, the other took hold on one Side, and the Woman on the other Side of the Chair, but the Lady was in too great a Hurry to ſtay till I let down the Glaſs, ſo civilly broke it about my Ears. The fore Chairman ſtept back, drew out the Pole, and knocked the Fellow down that had hold of his Companion. By this Time the Coaſt was clear before the Chair, I called *Sam* to let me out, and ſo we very courageouſly ran away together. I came off with the Loſs of an old Fan, but not in the leaſt cut with the Glaſs; the People in the Street would have had the Chairmen ſeize the Fellows, but I believe they were unwilling to meddle with them farther than to defend their Chair. I am,

*My deareſt Dear,*

*Your moſt Faithful,*

Elizabeth Fowle.

## LETTER X.

*To Mrs.* Mary Hollons, *at Mr.* Donce's *at* Offspring *near* Feverl-ham, Kent

*Lewes* in *Suſſex*, *Febr.* 5. 1727.

*Dear Mary*,

SEeing you do not underſtand the Language of the Eyes of a Love-ſick young Man, pardon my Boldneſs if with Bluſhes I have taken the Liberty to let you know, *Mary*, I doat on you, and hope you will requite my Love, who for your Sake renounce the reſt of Womankind. There is not any thing I would not undertake for your Sake. The Inequality I muſt confeſs is great, but Love is obedient to no Law but his own; pity me then as a Lover, who loves you above all Earthly Things, and look not on me as your Father's Servant, but as your devoted Slave, by whoſe Smiles I live, and without which my Life muſt needs be a Burthen to me. I am,

*My Dear*,

*Your humble Servant*,

Thomas Gent.

## LETTER XI.

*Febr. 6. 1727.*

*My Dear,*

I Received your Letter with great Joy and Comfort, to think you are ſo good to anſwer mine; for you know, my Dear, I always deſpaired of your Love, but I hope I have not ſo much Reaſon as I thought I had, for I have a better Opinion of you now, than ever, and ſhall be now eaſy in my Mind, for I have been ſo uneaſy, that all the Pleaſure in the World was as nothing to me in Compariſon of your dear Company. I aſſure you, my Dear, I hate the Converſation of all Men on Earth, except yourſelf, and that I long for as much as ever I longed for any thing in my Life, and I hope I long for what I ſhall ſhortly have with Joy. My Dear Life and precious Soul, I fear your Living ſo well will take you off from the Thoughts of me; but were it poſſible for me to eat at the King's Table every Day, I had rather be with you, with Bread and Water. My Dear, I never could have thought I ſhould have been ſo troubled for any Body, as I

am for you; for that Day you went, when I came home and found you gone, I thought I ſhould have broke my Heart for want of your dear Company. My Dear, it is my daily Prayers to God, to bleſs all your Undertakings, and I beg of you to keep all your Promiſes, and I ſhall for ever keep mine. Pray, my Dear, let me hear from you often. I never part with Money freer than in hearing from you. So, my Dear, praying the Lord to keep you and bleſs you, I remain

*Your true and faithful Lover,*

*till Death us do part,*

Elizabeth White.

---

## LETTER XII.

*To Mr.* James Backer, *in* Hertford.

*Mr. James,*

I Wonder that I have not heard from you ſo long, tho' when I think with myſelf I need not, for I hear you have got a New Sweetheart at *Hertford*, which has made me ſo

ſo uneaſy that I have not had a Moment's Reſt, ſince I heard it, and what is worſe, I am obliged to leave my Place, I need not tell you the Reaſon of it, for it is you, and you only, that is the Occaſion of it;* thou baſe Man! I ſuppoſe you won't thank me for putting you to the Charge of a Letter now you have got a new Sweetheart; and I don't doubt but I ſhall be pure Game for you, and your new Sweetheart; but I would have you take Care what you do, for if I ſhould die before you, I will pray to God that my Ghoſt may haunt you as long as you live. I thought, ſo long as we have been acquainted, I might have ſent my kind Love to you, but now to my Sorrow I find it muſt be

*Your abuſed Friend,*

Jane Walter.

---

* James *had gotten* Jenny *with Child.*

## LETTER XIII.

*To Mrs.* Hannah Bell, *in the* Meal-market *at* Heſſon, Northumberland.

*Febr.* 22. 1727.

*My Dear,*

I Once more take the Boldneſs to write to you, and muſt needs exclaim of you very much for your unkindneſs in not giving me the Satisfaction of one Letter from you, which makes me ſo uneaſy, that I am almoſt in Deſpair with myſelf; it would be the greateſt Comfort in the World, to have one Line from you, which I deſire and beg as much as the Health of my own Soul, for the Love I have to you is ſo great, that I cannot reſt Day nor Night, nor have no Comfort of my Life: So deſire that you would have ſome Pity on your wounded Lover, whoſe Life lies at your Feet. It is in your Power to kill or ſave my Life, do not then be ſo cruel to uſe me after this Manner. Pray conſider the Torments of Love and the Darts of *Cupid*, that have wounded me to that Degree, I cannot bear it; pray let me know if there is any thing in *London* you have a Mind for, and I will

ſend it with all the Pleaſure in the World. I once more beg to hear from you, for my Heart is ready to break when I think of you:

*For ſwifteſt Rivers ſhall run back,*
*The Wind ſhall drive the Water-Mill;*
*The brighteſt Day be turn'd to dark,*
*If I be not thy true Love ſtill.*

So my dear, I am,

*Your ſincere and conſtant Lover,*
*till Death,*

Richard Parker.

*Direct for me at the* Red Lion *in the* Wood Yard, Long Acre.

---

## LETTER XIV.

*Febr.* 23. 1727.

*Dear NANNY,*

I Have made bold to trouble you with a Line or two, hoping you are in Health, as I am not, for the Falſneſs of you; it makes my Life a Burden to me, and if my Writing is any Offence to you, I am ſure

yours is not to me: But I ſuppoſe you have got ſome Body elſe that you like better than me, and ſo, my Dear, farewell.

*For the Loſs of Gold is much,*
*The Loſs of Time is more;*
*But the Loſs of you is worſe,*
*Whom I did love ſo dear.* *

And ſo I would have you conſider of it fore it be too late, and think of me when you ſee me not. And ſo farewell, my Dear, I am,

*Your humble Servant*

*to command,*

John Burnham.

---

*If I deſerve an Anſwer, ſend me one, and if not, ſend this back again, and direct for me at my Lady* Abingdon's, *in* Palace Yard, Weſtminſter.

---

* *Honeſt* John's *Meaning in the* laſt *Verſe, ſhould have been thus expreſſed, to rhime to the* ſecond:

Whom I did once adore.

## LETTER XV.

*To Mrs.* Ann Vergo, *at Mr.* Wilkins, *at* Stanwell-Moor *near* Staines.

*My Dear,*

*March* 13, 1727.

I hope you are well, my Love, but it diſtracts me for not having an Anſwer to my two Letters. I hope, my Love, I have not affronted you on any Account. My dear Love, I think every Moment an Hour till I ſee or hear from your ſweet Face; pray my Love, ſend me Word how you do, as ſoon as poſſible, for my Life is a Miſery to me; ſo pray, my dear Love, let me have ſome few comfortable Lines from your dear precious Hands, for it lies in your Power to do what you pleaſe with me, either to make me miſerable or happy.

*My dear Soul of my Life,*
*I ſhould think myſelf the*
*happieſt Man in the World*
*If you was my Wife.*

Love, that you have another Sweetheart, and that my Rival is better beloved than I; you may, *Nanny*, have one that has more Money, my Love, than I have, but never, my Dear, will have one that loves

loves you better than I do; for the Sun and Moon, my Dear, shall lose their light, and the Stars fall from Heaven, my Love, if ever I prove false to thee, my Dear precious Jewel. Ah, my Dear, if you was to let me have but one little Corner in your Heart, then, my Dear, I should be alive; but now, *Nanny*, I linger my Time away and have no Pleasure of my Life. O *Nanny*, send me some comfortable Words, or else, my Dear Love, you will destroy the truest Heart that ever loved. But my greatest Fear is of my Rival, and my being so far off makes you forget me; but, my Dear, I shall never forget you. My dear Jewel, it is generally seen in Women, out of Sight, out of Mind; you are very barbarous to me, my Love, if my Letter has not miscarried. These from

*Your true and faithful Lover,*

William Smith.

P. S. *Send me Word with all speed, my Love, or else I shall be out of my Wits for not hearing from you, my dear Love.*

*Direct for me at the* Dolphin *in* Chelmsford, Essex.

## LETTER XVI.

### *To Captain* Hook.

*Jun.* 12. 1727.

*Dear Captain,*

I Hope you will not take it ill, paying my Reſpects to the dear Man, who has the higheſt Place in my Heart; for oh, lovely Man! it is not Abſence nor Place can make me forget you, for ſhould I converſe with Ten thouſand of your Sex, I ſhould value none like you. I am Proof againſt all, but when my Thoughts are fixed on you, my Heart ſoftens, I languiſh with ſweet Tranſports of Joy almoſt too great for me to bear, for ſurely greater Pleaſure or greater Pain did I never feel for any than I have for you. Oh, thou dear Man! My Fancy repreſents your truly noble Condeſcenſion to an unfortunate Perſon, ſenſible of her humble Diſtance; my Soul is in an Exſtaſie, ſo highly do I value the Friendſhip of the dear Mr. *Hook*, but when my Fears alarm me, of loſing your Favour, I almoſt die with Deſpair, for ſo frail is our mortal State, that

—— *we*

*——————— we cannot ſuſtain*
*A mighty Bliſs no more than Pain.*

Ah! Why did I ſtay to converſe and venture the Sight of you? Surely all the Philoſophy I had been preaching to myſelf of conquering Paſſions, vaniſhed at your Preſence; I quickly found I was ſtill the ſame; not all the Reaſons I can bring of your Marriage or Death (which will equally make you loſt to me) can leſſen or deſtroy the Love I bear to you.

*With you for ever I in Woods could reſt,*
*There where no human Foot has preſt;*
*You from a Cave all Darkneſs can exclude;*
*And in a Deſart baniſh Solitude.*

Dear Captain, I am a little recovered from a late Indiſpoſition, occaſioned certainly from the melancholy Reflection of wanting your charming Company. Come then to my Arms, thou delightful Creature, and baniſh all my Doubts and Fears, before Death puts an End to a miſerable Life, if you neglect her, who is, dear Captain,

*Your moſt ſincere and faithful Friend and Admirer,*

S— J—

## LETTER XVII.

*To Mrs.* Anna Williams.

*Nov.* 16, 1728.

*Dear loving Creature,*

THis with all Love from your ever loving Friend and Servant to command. I have made bold to ſend you a few Lines, hoping the ſame may find Admittance into your Preſence, where, if they do, I truſt, your gracious tender-hearted Perſon will be ſo kind as to pity one, who is your ever Bond-Slave and ever ſhall be, till your gracious Perſon ſhall think fit to ſet me free; for you know full well, that I love you as dearly as my Life, by what I told you when I was at *Churlon*, when you came from the Priſon-Bas-Play on *Milcon Green*, altho' you was pleaſed to ſay that I did but only flatter you; but my Dear, if you do not anſwer this ſoon, I will ſoon let you know that I do not flatter you, for not long ago I heard of you by *Will Griffes* of *Farendon*, and he told me he ſaw you in good Health, as I am at preſent, bleſſed be God for it; but the

Thoughts

Thoughts of you are always in my Mind, and the more I think, the more I love; ſo altho' I am ſo far off from you, my Dear, you are the neareſt to my Heart, and if you, my Love, will but conſent to be my Bride, if it be not theſe Seven Years, I will not think it long to ſerve a Prentiſhip to Love, and at the End be bleſſed with you, my Dear; for it is you I doat upon; ſo pray, my Dear, pity me, or elſe I die for you, and

*Then my departing Soul ſhall flie,*
*And find out my Love wherefoever ſhe be,*
*And demand that Heart you once had of me.*

Dear Creature, there is never a Friend I have, knows where I am, but you; ſo, my Dear, down upon my Knees I pray to God to keep you from all Harm free, and that you will pity me, my Dear *Anna Williams*.

So pray, my Dear, ſend to me as thus: *To Mr.* John Mounford, *at Mr.* Richardſon's, *an* Apothecary, *in* Alderſgate-ſtreet, *London.*

So, my Dear, I am,

*Your ever loving Friend and Servant,*

John Mounford.

## LETTER XVIII.

*Dear Madam,*

PARDON my Preſumption, but I hope your Goodneſs and the Sincerity of my Affection will make ſome ſmall Atonement for my Offence; and as it is cuſtomary, to preſent young Ladies with ſomething, I humbly beg you would accept of a bleeding Heart, proud of the Wounds of your all conquering Eyes; and as you are the firſt under whoſe Captivity I ever lay, ſo ſhall you be the laſt, for with unſpeakable Satisfaction will I drag my Chains to my Grave. Your Heavenly Idea is ſo deeply imprinted in my Mind, that nothing but Death can deface it; you have not only thoſe outward Perfections of an Angel's Form, but thoſe inward Qualities of a Vertuous Mind; and to deſcribe you compleatly, is to ſay, you are the Beauty of the Age, and the Mirrour of your Sex. I am,

*Dear Madam,*

*Your affectionate Friend and Admirer till Death,*

J. C.

## LETTER XIX.

*To Mrs.* Barbara Tabritt, *in* Northumberland-Court.*

*Moſt worthy Madam,*

I Am very ſorry that I am obliged to keep away, and that I cannot ſee you from Weeks End to Weeks End, which makes me very uneaſy; indeed if you had but half the Love for me I have for you, it would be the greateſt Happineſs that Tongue can expreſs, I have a great Fancy that you have a Mind to make a Fool of me, but I would not have you do that neither, without telling me of it, nor to make a Ninny-hammer of me, only to laugh at me after I am gone, becauſe it will make you look as fooliſh as myſelf, but if you have a Mind, Madam, to alter your Condition, pray let me know it, and I ſhall be obliged to you for it. Madam, I do not

* *This is in the* Strand, *near* Charing-Croſs.

ſtand

ſtand to compliment you, for I am plain blunt, I aſſure you. I reſt

*Your humble Servant to command,*

John Brown.

---

## LETTER XX.

### *To Mrs.* Mary Cozens.

*My dear Love,*

BEing unexpectedly hindred from going to *London*, I could no longer delay giving you the ſtrongeſt Aſſurances of my Fidelity that I am able to write; for as you for your Merits are beyond Compariſon, ſo I for my Faithfulneſs am without Example; and tho' Time puts an End to all things, yet the Conſtancy I have vowed for you, ſhall be an Exception. Theſe are not only Words, Thoughts, Vows or Hopes, but Will, Reſolution and Proteſtations, accompanied with an irrevocable Oath, which I do confirm to you, out of the Fear I have of giving you any Occaſion not to do the ſame by

him, who could lose a Thousand Lives for your Sake. So, my Dear, hoping you will let me hear often from you, I remain,

*Your obedient, faithful Lover and Admirer,*

Thomas Joyce.

---

## LETTER XXI.

*Dear Miss* Anne,

THis is to acquaint you, that I have made bold to let you know the great Grief I have sustained on your Account; for since I have been absent from you, I have been so troubled, that I should have thought it impossible for any one to be in the Condition I was in, had I not experienced it. So I hope, my Dear, you will let me have a Line from your fair Hand, to revive the languishing Heart of your constant Lover; for tho' I cannot discourse so fine as some Men can, yet my

my Heart is as true as any Man's in the World; which is all at present from

*Your unfeigned Lover,*

Thomas Lake.

*WHen first I saw you, you did sweetly play*
*The gentle Thief, and stole my Heart away;*
*Render me mine again, or leave your own,*
*Two are too much for you, since I have none.*
*But if thou wilt not, then I swear, thou art*
*A sweet-fac'd Creature with a double Heart.*

## LETTER XXII.

*To Mr.* Thomas Hughes *in* Colcheſter Eſſex.

*My dear* Tommy,

YOurs I received, and am glad to hear of your good Health, and do aſſure you, I will not falſify my Promiſe, for you are a Man of your Word, and I aſſure you I ſhall keep no other Man company but your dear ſelf. My Dear, you have my heart always in your keeping, altho' ſo far aſunder at preſent; but I hope we ſhall be happy in one another's Converſation, that I may make you amends for your good and juſt Behaviour towards me.

*My Tongue and Pen*
*I Cannot bend,*
*For to expreſs or tell*
*The Love I bear*
*To thee, my Dear,*
*Who doth deſerve it well.*

So no more at preſent from

*Your affectionate Lover,*

Mary Wilſon.

# LETTER XXIII.

## *To Mr.* John Knight.

OH! That I could expreſs the Thoughts I have of my dear *Jacky*, but no Tongue can relate his Perfections, nor no Pen his Deſerts; how endearing, how lovely engaging are your dear dear Letters! and the laſt, if poſſible, exceeds all! How tender and affectionate are your Expreſſions towards me! I muſt beg Leave to uſe the ſame Words I did in my laſt, that I do think from my Soul, there is none under the Heavens can compare with you. The Poetry you was ſo kind, ſo obliging to ſend me, is beyond all Deſcription; I do unfeignedly aſſure you, all the Poems that ever I read, cannot be compared to your laſt Lines; you ſay, they are *extempore* Thoughts, which are ſtill more to be admired; every Word has Ten Thouſand Charms in it. Your Expreſſion which mentions:

*A ſudden Damp my Guardian Angel throws,*
*Which crops the Paſſion faſter than it grows.*

Oh! That pleaſes me. Oh! That is mighty ſoft, extremely good! they ought not to be concealed, and Ten Thouſand Thouſand Thanks I return you for them. You tell me, my Dear, you are going to *Bath*, and deſire my Approbation: Moſt certainly, you may command me in whatever you approve. But, Oh! Forgive my Fears, when I tell you your Journey is not ſo perfectly eaſy to me; it is very early in the Year, and if my Dear ſhould get a Cold, or a Fever, ſo far diſtant, how miſerable and unhappy ſhould I be! For my Sake, for God's Sake, take Care of thy dear ſelf. When I ſaw in your Letter *Bath* and *Briſtol*, it ſunk my Soul, for there lives the beautiful and witty Miſs *Hicks*, forgive my Fear. Oh! that you were leſs charming, leſs engaging, for I am certain all that converſe with you, muſt wiſh themſelves as happy as myſelf in your Affection; but I hope you will not forget your poor Admirer, who loves you beyond Deſcription, and whoſe Prayers will for ever attend you. That you

may

may have a pleaſant Journey, and happy Return, is the unfeigned Deſire of

*Your unchangeable and entire,*

M—— S——

---

## LETTER XXIV.

*To the ſame, at* Bath.

OH! What is Life, when my only Dear is diſpleaſed? or what is equal Sadneſs to his Frowns? But, oh! how pleaſing are his Smiles! Sure, no Happineſs can compare to mine, when my Dear tells me he is the ſame. Indulging lovely Youth, your dear Letter has eaſed my troubled Mind, and believe me, my Dear, I never will appear deſignedly diſagreeable in your Eyes, whom alone I am ambitious of pleaſing. Oh! my Dear, our mutual Acquaintance is eternally in my Remembrance, and thoſe pleaſing, pleaſing Pleaſures entertain me in your Abſence. Reflect a little, my Dear, on our tender Hours, our fond Endearments, and then

think, my Life, how killing a ſharp Expreſſion is to her, whoſe Life entirely depends on your Affections. I am,

*My Dear,*

*Your unalterable fond*

M—— S——

## LETTER XXV.

*To Mrs.* Mary Harood, *next Door to the* Park-wall *on* Mile Hill, Briſtol.

*Dear Molly,*

I Sent you a Letter a fortnight ago, and never had the Happineſs of an Anſwer, which grieves me to the Heart, for fear you prove unconſtant; I do aſſure you, I am true to you, my Dear, hoping you are the ſame to me, and not forget your Promiſes, for you know what Vows we made before we parted. Dear *Molly*, I ſhall never forget my Promiſes, and if you do, think what follows, for I ſhall never forgive you, nor ſhall I think of any other Woman beſides your dear ſelf; for no body can think

think what Pain I went thro' Day and Night on your Account, for fear of your unconſtancy. My Dear, I beg you would ſend to me the next Poſt, for I ſhall impatiently wait, and if I receive it, ſhall come down very ſoon, and if not, I ſhall go to Sea, for I do not care what becomes of me; for it is you I love, and no body elſe. So, my Dear, I conclude,

*Your ever faithful Lover till Death,*

Thomas Morris.

---

## LETTER XXVI.

*To Mr.* William Baſtick, Gunſmith *in* Hereford.

*Friend William,*

I Expected a Letter from you ſoon after you got to Town, but I fear you follow ſo much the Pocky Comforts of univerſal Copulation, that it has conſumed your Memory, and certainly will your Strength, if you go on at the old Rate; for

for there are many such true bred Stallions in this our Age, whose various Inclinations give every new Face a Power of Temptation, and who are so enamoured with every Female, that each fine Petticoat, or Turriferous Topknot kindles a new Fire to their Leachery, which is no ways to be quenched or qualified till his mercenary Bolt be shot in Nature's warm Staple; till at last by a frequent Repetition of his beloved Exercise, he thrusts his rustling Pole into an overheated Oven, where it takes such Fire, that half a Year's Penance with Ten Pounds worth of the Doctor's Assistance will scarce quench, without having some remaining Sparks, which at Spring and Fall will still be blazing.

Then Aqua-Tetrachimagogon, Turpentine Potions, Mercurial Pills, Sal Prunella, gentle Salivations, and downright Fluxes, Diet-Drinks, Injections, with all the Engines of Chirurgery are set on Work to abate the intolerable Symptoms, which afflict the repenting Sinner. Now an aching Head, a gleeting *Penis*, with as many Holes as the Bottom of a Cullender, and covered with as many black Patches as in Cheapside Crack; meagre Faced, yellow Eyed, tottering Nose, and Jaws as thin as a *Spanish* Three-pence.

Then

Then like a Woman in Labour, to hear his honeſt Proteſtations, and chaſte Reſolutions, ſhewing all the Signs of Regeneration, promiſing that if the Lord in his Mercy will be pleaſed to bring him ſafe out of the Powdering Tub of Repentance, he would never more be pickled in ſuch a ſalt Bitche's Commodity. Thus he Raves and Frets, Prays and Promiſes, till he has ſwallowed as many Pills as there are Sheep-turds in a Common, and drank as much Diet-Drink as will ſwim a Cock-Boat, by which Means *Pego* has ſhook off the Bridle, and begins to be finely recovered; but our new Saint ſtill finds an itching of the old Devil about him, and begins to caſt an Hawk's Eye at every handſome Woman, ſoon forgetting his paſt Miſeries and pious Proteſtations; he ventures abroad in the Sunſhine, drawing his Rowling-Pin-Legs after him, as if they were tied on with Whip-cord; thus he walks like an Anatomy, moved by Clockwork, with a Complexion like a Chriſtmas-Candle, that every one may read his Diſtemper in his Looks, without the Skill of Phyſiognomy; then he re-aſſumes his old Courſe of Life, (for what is bred in the Bone will never out of the Fleſh) till he gets Clap upon Clap, and Pox upon Pox; when after three or four

gentle

gentle Salivations and downright Fluxes his radical Moisture is so exhausted, that Nature can subsist no longer. Thus the poor Mortal pikes off with a Carcass as dry and hollow as an Old New River Pipe, with scarce Flesh enough on his Bones to give the Worms a Picking, leaving this Character among his Neighbours Wives behind him, that he was as good a Woman's Man as ever handled a Merkin. I am,

*Friend William,*

*Your sincere Well-wisher,*

James Wyborne.

## LETTER XXVII.

*To Mr.* John Stone, *at* Newcastle *upon* Tyne.

*Dear John,*

I Received your Letter, and am glad to hear you are in good Health, as I am at present, blessed be God for it; but I have been very ill, or I should have sent the Money I promised sooner, for my Friends never knew before how dear I loved you, for if they had, they would have done any thing for you long ago, to have satisfied me, but now they will to the utmost of their Power: therefore (not that it is a false thing, for it is not, and so you shall find) my Dear, I would have you be of good Cheer, and send me a Letter as you used to do, for if it be 7 Years hence I shall be in the same mind, and I hope I shall find you in the same Mind.

*REturn an Answer to me thou sweetest*
*Flower of Beauty,*
*For to love thee, I know, it is my Duty:*
*And while I write, I weep even for thy Sake,*
*And all the Blots thou seest, my Tears did make.*

*And*

*And I intreat thee to have Pity on me,*
*For all my Sufferings come from thee.*
*And then I hope that I at last shall be*
*Always in Faviour, my Dear, with thee.*
*But it will grieve me more than all the rest,*
*If you should love another best.*
*Oh! May I die, before that I do see*
*Myself wronged so by thee.*
*My Dear, I have no Strength in any Part,*
*As if thy Sword were thrust into my Heart.*
*Plenty of Tears I have, which rise*
*Wetting my Cheeks from the Springs of my Eyes.*
*If you do not prove true, to kill myself is my Intent,*
*If to be inconstant you are bent.*
*But I do wish that thou could'st see*
*In what sad Posture I do write to thee.*
*What Fools have used their Power to cross our Love?*
*What have I done that you should faithless prove?*
*With deserved sufferings I could be content,*
*But not with undeserved Punishment.*
*So, no more at present,*

From

*Your constant and true Lover,*
*till Death,*

Sarah Haxford.

## LETTER XXVIII.

*To Mrs.* Ann Anſawe, *at the* Bath.

*My dear Nanny,*

I Hope you will not take it ill my not writing to you ſooner, but I did not delay one Moment after I got to Town; ſo I humbly deſire you to anſwer this, for I am ready to die to hear from your ſweet Hand. I continue in the ſame Mind of ſending for you to Town, which would be the greateſt Pleaſure in the World to me, to have your dear charming Company oftner; but if you don't approve of coming, at one Word of your ſweet Mouth, I could fly to *Bath*, or any Part of the World, in an Inſtant. So, no more at preſent, but my Prayers daily and hourly for you, I remain,

*Your unfeigned conſtant Lover,*

John Elkins.

## LETTER XXIX.

*My dear,*

THese few Lines come to let you know, that I am in good Health, &c. but when you and I parted, I little thought to have so much Occasion to write to you, for this is the Fifth Letter I sent you, and can neither see nor hear from you. If I have offended you in any wise, I heartily beg Pardon, and promise that for the future I will do my best Endeavours to gain your Love. I find with you it is, out of Sight out of Mind, but it is not so with me, nor ever shall. I would not have you think I am upon my Banters, for my Love is as true as the Heavens are clear; therefore, my Dear, I would have you think of him, who is always thinking of you. But once when I was in your sweet Company, you told me, that if I would be true to you, nothing should part us; but I fear your Mind is changed, yet I shall make it my Endeavours to gain your sweet Consent; so I leave off writing, but not loving, hoping

to

to make you my Bride. So, no more at preſent from

*Your ever faithful and affectionate Lover, till Death,*

E. Harriſon.

---

## LETTER XXX.

*To Mrs.* Mary Cock, *in* Northbrook-ſtreet, Newberry.

*Madam,*

I Am ſurpriſed I do not hear from you, by Reaſon you know how often you have hugged me, as the Devil did the Witch. I fancy the Back-Shop-Walls, and your Board can witneſs the broken Vows have been made between us: For thee knoweſt we always loved after the beſt Manner; ſometimes Face to Face, and when tired of that A—ſe to A—ſe; and I always liked that way the beſt.

But my Jewel, do not break thy Heart at our parting, for if thee should it what, a Condition should I poor Soul be in? So, Madam, I wish you a good Husband, and advise you to take more Care of your Honour, the next Time you keep Company.* Concluding with this Salutation: *Dulcius eſt melli Vulvam, tractare Puellæ.*

*P. S. My kind Love to your Dear Mother.*

## LETTER XXXI.

*Bromſgrove*, the 20th of the 11th Month, 1720.

*Friend, and reſpected Mrs. Lowe,*

NOT having Opportunity with thee as I have ſome time wiſhed for, I hope thee will not take it ar my Bold-

* *A good Caution, This; after having got Mrs Mary with Child.*

neſs

ness and Freedom to thee; it is the Love of God which engageth my Heart to recommend a few Lines unto thee. The first is this: Thee art sensible that I have lost an honest and loving Wife, a tender and loving Mother. She would often say, that it was not a Show of Religion, or outward Ceremonies, that brought People to *Christ*, but an inward Working of the Heart and taking up our daily Cross; not to those Things, which so many take Pleasure in. It is the Cross of *Christ*, which leads to the Crown of Life, which I have Reason to hope that she is arrived to. *Abraham* mourned and wept for *Sarah* his Wife, yet we find he desired a Burying-Place, to bury his Dead out of his Sight; and we find he took another Wife, when he was a great Age, after that he had given all he had to his Son *Isaac*, as *Abraham*'s Servant reported to *Rebecca*; and *Rebecca* was willing to go along with him, because it was ordered by the Lord. Now thee art the only *Rebecca* that I should be glad to see at my House: The Lord had regard to the Religious in all Ages, it is my Desire that both thee and All thy Offspring may be of the Number, that we may All have a Resting Place with the Lord, when Time to us here will be no more. I have much

more upon my Mind, but as *Christ* said to his Disciples, thee canst not bear them now. If I have said any Evil, judge me according to thy Law, if not let me find Favour in thy Sight. I will covet nothing that is thine nor thy Childrens. This from

*Thy Friend and Neighbour,*

John Cartwright.

---

## LETTER XXXII.

*The Countess of* Deloraine's *Advice to her God-Daughter, the Lady* * * * * *

*My dear Child,*

IT is the Custom of Old Women to leave to the Females of their Family Books of Receipts, to make them famous for Cookery and Physic, but my low Fortune and constant Health has kept me from the practice of these notable Things. I have always found

found it more neceſſary to ſtudy Remedies for the Diſtempers of the Mind, which every Mortal in this Life has too much Need of. You are now, my dear Child, entering into the World; you are very young, and therefore muſt be very ignorant; your Religion is ſuch as you have been taught by the People who have had the Direction of you; Your Hopes and Views are according to the Opinion you have of your own Merit. Your Perſon, if handſome, will be courted, flattered, and followed, which will make the Envious hate, abuſe, and ſcandalize you. If you are ugly, you are one of thoſe Creatures that will ſtare at every body, and none will ſtare at you. If you are rich, the Men will have the ſame Deſign upon you, they had upon the innocent People of *Peru* and *Mexico*, give you Chains for Gold. If you are poor, then you are turned into a Blank, you are nothing to the World, nor the World to you. If you have a bare Competency, it will only ſerve to maintain you in a conſtant Anxiety. If you marry, and your Huſband is honeſt, and good, and your Children dutiful, you will love them to Excels, and then the Malady of the Mind is come to its Criſis, all other Evils in Life are Trifles in Compariſon of the Torments that proceeds from tender Affec-

tion. If you live an old Maid, you will ever be a Stranger in the World, and your Male-Friends will always be packing and unpacking. If you arrive to old Age, Oh! that is an Egyptian Darkneſs. Theſe, my dear Child, are the Shocks and Troubles that attend every Condition; The heavy Dolors which proceed from Wickedneſs, I do not pretend to alleviate by good Advice.

Guilt throws the Mind into a Storm, and makes it incapable of ſober Reflection; but as for the daily Croſſes and Vexations which virtuous People meet with, they may be helped by ſerious thinking; and if you will, my dear Child, but ſtand upon your Guard, now in your Age of Ignorance, I am ſure you will find the good Effect of it, when you come to have more Experience; you will then ſee how glorious it is, to have the Eſteem of the ſober, ſenſible Part of Mankind; therefore, my dear Child, do all that is poſſible at your firſt ſetting out to avoid an ill Character, and to that End labour more to obſerve, than to be obſerved; be not forward to gain Praiſe, for Fear you loſe it for ever; and be ſure you make your Obſervations of the Women of Character, and take only ſuch for an Example as are conſiderable, and

examine by what Steps they rise to be so. You may think Beauty and Riches are infallible Means to mount a Lady to a Superiority, but indeed that is a Mistake; and when you are entered more into the Affairs of the World, you will see Women both handsome and rich, and yet not considerable; nay, are made more despicable by possessing those Advantages, that provoke Envy; and who want the Conduct that is necessary to defend them from the evil Effects of it.

*Solomon* says: *A good Name is as precious Ointment*, and so it is, and of all Earthly Blessings the most worth our Pains to acquire; and yet how few young Women understand its true Nature? I have seen some for a little Profit at Play get the Name of Cheats; others for no gain at all, give up their Truth, and for ever lose the Honour of being believed one Word they say. The avoiding all Intimacy with lewd Women, ought to be your utmost Concern, for depend upon it, those Ladies that are lavish of their own Fame, will not have any Regard for the Reputation of their Companions, and the Friendship of young Women commonly ends in the Detraction of each other; and did you know, my dear Child, what a Pleasure and Satisfaction it

is, to be acceptable amongst the best Company, and the disconsolate Condition of being the Reverse, you would willingly give up the Gayeties of Four or Five Years of your Youth and Novelties, to be the rest of your Life ranked amongst the good and wise.

It would look a little presumptuous in me, to lay down Rules for Religion in a Protestant Country, where the People are allowed to read the Gospel, and from thence learn their Duty, and know for what good Deeds they shall be rewarded, and for what Faults punished. But tho' we do enjoy this Liberty, yet such is the depravity of our Nature, that the first Mortal who lays hold of us, and has the training of us up, may turn and wind our Understanding which Way he pleases; and the greatest Absurdity dares claim a Right from Education, preferable to any Argument Reason can produce. However, my Dear, if you are not too far pre-engaged by Education-Principles, take my Advice, and fix your Religion upon the Commands of *Christ*, and let no Human Opinion get the Ascendant over you. Thousands of Families have been ruined by a false Stamp upon the Soul; and Ladies with the greatest Gravity and Solemnity have given away

their

their Childrens Bread for a Red-Roſe or a White One: And in all Conſpiracies and Aſſaſſinations, a Woman's Conſcience equals the Man's Courage in the bold Execution. But you can never be drawn into ſuch Follies, if you make the Goſpel your Guide; there is in that Rule of Life an unerring Wiſdom, and whoſoever ſtrictly obſerves it, will paſs thro' this tumultuous World with a calm undiſturbed Mind, and never commit Crimes for Conſcience Sake. But tho' Faction (when it works ſtrongly) often works great Woe to the Female Sex, yet their being rich is full as fatal to their Repoſe: For when it is known that a Lady has a great Fortune in her Power, ſhe is ſure to have a Swarm of lying Lovers about her; and if ſhe likes one of the worthleſs Creatures, ſhe is ſtruck blind to his Imperfections, and deaf to the Advice of her Friends; her Sorrows, if ſhe marries a Senſeleſs, ill natured Man, have no Intermiſſion, and all Applications that can be offered for her Relief, have no Effect; ſo that Wealth (which is thought the greateſt Bleſſing) by this Means becomes a much greater Miſery than Poverty. But indeed it is my Opinion, there are only one Sort of poor People, and they are Decayed-Gentry. The Law provides for the Dung-hill Beggars

gars, and for Servants; and other Labourers can boldly bargain for a Livelihood; but Poor Gentry meanly sink into the Dependance upon great Mens Generosity, which is a Motive, that never prompts a Superior to regard an Inferior.

It is a sad thing that a good Birth should be an Addition to any one's Misery, yet so it is, when crushed with Poverty; for let the Circumstances be never so low, still the Pedigree runs in the Mind, and is for ever pushing on vain Projects, that may bring about some shewish Incident or other, and were it not for this false Pride, the well-borne undone People would weed a great Man's Garden, rather than wait at his Door to ask his Favour. Of what Use is a good Education, if it does not instruct us how to overcome Misfortunes by the Virtues of the Mind? Every abject Mechanic knows how to Riot and Revel in an unexpected Advance of Fortune, but it requires great Virtue to bear the Fall from Plenty to Poverty, and be ever thrown out of all Distinction: Yet if these Disconsolats could, when they have lost their Rank, throw after it their Pride and Vanity, retaining only the Ambition to become useful, they might at last arrive to a perfect Contempt for the World, and then they will

will find by overcoming their own Desires, they gain more than any dignified Mortal can give them. But alas, such is the Fate of the Unfortunate, they seldom think right of any thing; they have no Notion that the chief Pain of Poverty lies in the Contempt it brings along with it, and the only Way to avoid Contempts is to avoid Society, and were not People too much afraid of being left alone to their own Thoughts, they would not appear under despicable Circumstances, which they hope to hide by assuming higher Airs than they can support, and so expose themselves to the Insults of the happy, and lose the Pity of those few who have good Nature enough to treat the Distressed with Humanity.

*Retirement* is what the wisest Persons have ever loved, and to be sure, it is more to be valued when itbe comes a Shelter; for let Parents have ever so bright Views when their Children are born, yet the uncertainty of human Affairs should induce them to do all that is possible in their Education, to let them know how to be happy in a low Station; and nothing is so likely to do it as giving them sometimes the Pleasure of *Solitude*; and they who have once known the Sweets of a quiet *Retreat* will run to it with Joy, when the World frowns

frowns upon them. The liking a private Life is the moſt happy, the moſt convenient Inclination a Woman of Birth and ſmall Fortune can have; it not only keeps her from the Torment of ſeeing what others enjoy, but it lets her into the Pleaſure of Plenty, for it is a vaſt Enlargement to a narrow Fortune, to be rid of the Trouble and Expence of Appearing well, and beſides it is ſome Comfort to lay out our Money in what pleaſes ourſelves, and not live always under the cruel Conſtraint of following *other Peoples Humours*, commonly called, *the Cuſtom of the World*. I do not commend a rigid *Monaſtic Life*, but ſuch a *Retreat* as may ſet the Mind at Liberty; for it is a vile Servitude to acquieſce in every thing, only to gain the Honour of being admitted amongſt People of Figure. Did People conſider the Benefit that accrues by obſerving an Equality in the Company they keep, they would never expoſe themſelves to affronts; for where there is no Superiority, there is no Contempt, which is the chief Reaſon that the Vulgar never feel what a Torture it is to be contemptable. This is peculiar to the Gentry only, and eſpecially the Female-Sex: For a Woman that is homely is ſure to throw herſelf amongſt the Beauties, where ſhe is made a Tool, to carry

on

on Intrigues, or a Perſon to be played upon, till at laſt ſhe diſcovers the Ridicule, and then ſhe rails at the World, when, alas, the Fault lies in herſelf, for ſhe might by a little Obſervation know, that celebrated Beauties are the moſt exalted Creatures living and have the ſame trifling Thoughts of their She-Companions that they have of their Monkies. If a Woman would avoid Contempt, ſhe ſhould fix herſelf to a Rule of Life, that is ſuitable to her Perſon; indeed if ſhe is an old Maid ſhe muſt not hope to get rid of the Contempt that goes along with the Title, but as it is a wrong Notion the World has taken, it ought to give her no Uneaſineſs. The real Miſery of an *old Maid*, is the Want of an Habitation of her own, and the Attendance of ſeveral Servants; therefore that Lady was very wiſe, who learned to make her own Cloaths, dreſs her own Meat, and provide for all her Neceſſities within herſelf, that ſhe might wean herſelf from the aſſiſtance of others. By ſuch a prudent Management there can be no want of a Settlement, and then *old Maids* would find the Sweets of Liberty preferable to the moſt pompous Bondage. But it is ſaid, Women have no way to advance their Fortune but by *Marriage*, ſure it is one Degree of Happineſs

pines not to be miserable; and were the Sorrows of the *married* and *unmarried* put in a Scale, the greatest Crosses that can happen in a *Single Life* would be found Trifles when weighed with the Miseries of *Matrimony*. For in this World, they, who increase their Objects of Affection, increase their Causes of Affliction; which makes a tender Mother's Condition most deplorable; for after all her Dandling, Humming, Watching, and Weeping, the Darlings of her Soul are taken from her, either by Death or Marriage; and then what avail these anxious Cares, if they cannot secure to a Mother the kind Assistance of her Children, when old Age has made her a most solitary calamitous Creature. Age admits of no Intervals of Pleasure, not so much as a delightful View to pass off the tedious Dulness of the present Day, and very often the Remembrance of past Follies adds still greater Weight to our present Miseries. How many Women come into this World who never do one worthy Action in it, and what a terrible thing must old Age be to such Women? Therefore, dear Child, as my last Advice I desire you, while you are young, to use yourself to serious thinking, then will you find it no unpleasant thing to be left alone; for as I have somewhere

somewhere read *Custom makes every thing pleasant; and what at first was an Exercise, becomes at Length an Entertainment.*

I would have you be always chearful with your Friends, but not so given up to Mirth and Gaiety, as to be afraid of your own Thoughts: For, *She* who shuns *Serious Thinking*, when she is *young*, will be an *Idiot* when she is *old*.

*Your affectionate*

*God Mother*,

Deloraine.

## LETTER XXXIII.

*Military Gallantry, or the Letters which passed between a certain Captain, and the famous Mrs. S**** Punk-Errant of Bristol, well known both There and Here.*

### Damon to Celia.

*BElieve me* Celia, *'tis the Heart that speaks,*
*And thankfully in pleasing Raptures breaks.*
*The Sun, dear* Celia, *does not always shine,*
*Yet Fate, I hope, will make you only mine.*
*What Explanation would you have me give?*
*Say that you love me, I'll in Transports live!*
*Mutual, my Meaning is, our Flame may prove,*
*And that the Purchase may be Love for Love.*
*Fold me, as Nature dictates, in your Arms;*
*There let me revel in repeated Charms.*
*I now behold thee* "*with a Lover's Eye,*
"*Thou hast no Faults, or I no Faults can spy,*
"*Thou art all Beauty, or all Blindness I:*"
*All this I took from* Garth's *Dispensary.*

Your only

From St. *James's* Guard,
*Sunday* past 11. *July* 14. 1733.

DAMON.

## LETTER XXXIV.

### CELIA to DAMON.

SIR,

Yours with Pleasure I received; you say Sincerity is quickly seen, I own it; and had I not taken you to be sincere, I should not have given you the Liberty which I, with Honour, gave you. It is certain what I told you was just; I do depend upon my Uncle, and I return you Thanks for your Conduct in my Affairs, and own it a very kind Offer: Pray be not concerned on the other Hand, concerning my being Kept: I do assure you, it was never in my Thoughts, neither did I ever accept the Presents of a Baronet, for I never intend my Person for Sale; as by your Letter you give me Liberty to think you believe I do. You talk of Trials, I know not what you mean by that, without you forget yourself, thinking you was in a Shop: As for looking a Lodging, I do not think it becomes me so to do, and shall desire you to refrain from so doing, till Opportunity permits me to see you, and

hear you unravel some Part of your Letter. I am obliged to you for your kind Sentiments in your Verses, and own it wholly out of my Power, to have any Charms, or at least enough to strike a Gentlemen of *London*, where so many Beauties are always devoted to, and, no Doubt, at your Service.

Pardon me for tiring your Patience so long with my stupid Epistle. Believe as you please, but I wish you eternally happy.

*CELIA.*

## LETTER XXXV.

*CELIA* to *DAMON*.

HONOUR obliges me to write to you, as much as Fate engaged me to spend an Hour with you. And as I really wish, as well as hope, you are the same (you have given me Liberty to think you are) I mean with all the Honour that ought to be granted to the female Sex, and I do not at all doubt but you are

that

that Gentleman, if there is any in Life. As for giving the Reality of my Mind of your Person, I do not think it proper for so short an Acquaintance; neither can I give my real Opinion, for I always take a deliberate Thought. You may, if you please, take a Place before Friday, if it is but to Converse in, &c.

CELIA.

## LETTER XXXVI.

YOU were pleased to leave a Letter, but at the Half-Moon, for which I am obliged to you, but I could not well answer it before now; I cannot possibly meet you before Thursday Evening, for my Sister has engaged me to be with her till then. Please to write me an Answer by the Penny-Post to-Morrow Morning (and where you will be) I heartily wish you Health and Happiness, and a Pleasure in receiving this.

CELIA

# LETTER XXXVII.

## CELIA to DAMON.

*Sunday Morning,*
11 *o'Clock.*

*Worthy Sir,*

AS you still account me your Debtor, I hope this will satisfy; and as for giving me the Name of *Celia*, you are intirely welcome, for I never was desirous of any other Title but my own, and I really am pleased that my Nonsensical Letter should give you Satisfaction; and I must join with you that *Endearments* are ten thousand times beyond *Enjoyments*. I am of the Opinion you have a real Esteem for me, and I am obliged to every Person that has a Regard for me, especially when it is in a Manner I can with for, which is in the Manner you have seen; nothing but Innocency is my Meaning. I return you Thanks for your Offer (to accept of what you are possessed of) and heartily wish you possess of ten times more; as for my part I never shall deprive you of it! I own you are just in your Declaration, and do not discommend you

for

for your trial; it was what I did myself. I have two Hours to spend, if you are at Leisure, to-morrow from four to six, and if you are inclinable I will be at the Abbey-Prayers exactly at four, for I shall not be able to see you under a Fortnights time again.

In the Interim, I remain,

*Your Well wisher,*

CELIA.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

### CELIA to DAMON.

*Fryday Noon.*

*Worthy SIR,*

BEING at my Sister's, I could not answer your Letter. I own you judge right, for the Pleasure of Enjoyment is really what I am very indifferent to, and I think the Pleasure of an innocent Chat, with an agreeable Man, does far exceed it; and I am obliged to you for giving me a Welcome to it; and likewise for your Advice, which I think to observe; for ge-

devout Hearts like mine, always suffer? Far be it from me to say, you was the Object of my Aversion, who I never could like for any such Expectation, even to those I had the least Respect for in Life. I can not forbear saying you gave me Liberty and think your Love not sufficient for my Passion. Love finds all Ways, and meets all Events. In the Interim, I am concerned I should put you to the Expence of your Time; and if you think it ridiculous to meet, pray put an End to it as soon as you please: I still wish you that *She*, who is deserving of your Affection, and likewise Health and Happiness to enjoy her; which is the only Wish I can give you. At present, Adieu.

## CELIA to DAMON.

Worthy SIR,

BEING at my Sister's, I could not answer your Letter. I own you judge right for the Pleasure of Enjoyment is real, when I am very indifferent to, and I think the Pleasure of an innocent Chat, with an agreeable Man, does far exceed it; and I am obliged to you for giving me a Welcome to it; and likewise for your Advice, which I think to observe; for ge-

wise, as you term it, *Your Celia has Love*; I will not presume to say, my Power is greater than the whole Female Sex, to withstand Love; but it must be a Person I like, and extremely well too, before one Thought of mine can settle on them: for you must know I always take a considerate Thought, I never do any thing in Haste; if I had I should not have refused so many. You desire *Celia* to believe you (your sincere Heart I mean) but *Celia* cannot be vain; she would be vain to the last Degree, should she think she ever could strike a Gentlemen whom she knew to have so discerning an Eye. You would have me say I

*love you!* I cannot give my Heart the Lye, for I am not inclinable to Love. This I say, that you ingage me although your Sincerity and Honour to have a Regard for yours I must beg therefore the favour of you, not to entertain one Thought of *being Clasp't in my Arms, for you will be deceived*, my Thought is to have the Satisfaction of pleasing Converſation, nothing elſe is my Meaning, and which I esteem preferable to all Happiness. On Monday at six a Clock, I will meet you, and spend an Hour or two. The Eternal Happiness I wish you is, if you are inclined to Love, you may find a deſerving Lady, as kind as yourself, which I think is the best Wish I can give you, and which always will be given you by

CELIA.

I will not presume to say, my Power is greater than the whole Female Sex, to withstand Love; but it must be a Person I like, and extremely well too, before one Thought of mine can settle on them: for you must know I always take a considerate Though; I never do any thing in Haste; if I had I should not have refused so many. You desire Celia to believe you (your sincere Heart I mean) but Celia cannot be vain; she would be vain to the last Degree, should she think she ever could make a Gentleman whom she knew to have so discerning an Eye. You would have me say I love

## LETTER XL.

*Friday 2 o'Clock.*

### CELIA to DAMON.

SIR,

I think it a dishonourable Part in me to keep a Gentleman in Suspence. I now will be generous and plain; I return you ten thousand Thanks for your kind Offers, and likewise for all the Favours I have received from your Hands, and am concerned I should ever put you to so much Trouble, but as you are a Gentleman of so much Honour, I hope you will as readily pardon, as I ask it. I really believed all you ever said to me; and I do assure you, I give you my hearty Wish, which is, that you may meet with a Lady, worthy of your kind Affections, and deserving of your Person. I own, Sir, there is no Account to be given, except it be Fate, for this Frolick of mine; I know not what possessed me. Nothing but so generous and honourbale a Man could have engaged me, to visit, and to see him so often though never with any ill Thought, I do assure you, far be it from me. I was a Wife, I own, near Seven Years, to a very worthy

worthy Husband, and have the Thoughts, that I never shall be blest with such Another; I therefore wholly resolve never to marry any more: I have (thank God) enough, since you say, to live decently upon, and do besides depend upon something at the Death of Relation, so that I may very easy and contented. As for being your Plague (though past in Jest) I never will be: If [illegible] I willingly would [illegible] shall be your Welcome [illegible] is blessed with [illegible] Mind of Honour's hand [illegible] Lines, I received from you, [illegible] my Heart. [illegible] just Declaration [illegible] first Opportunity I shall, [illegible] Pleasure and Satisfaction [illegible] you, and receive all [illegible] my dearly Wish, which is to [illegible] with a Lady, worthy of your kind Affections, and deserving of your Person. I own, [illegible] Account to be given, except it be Fate, for this Frolick of mine; I know not what polleted me. Nothing but to get rid of a Man could have engaged me, to vilify, and to see him so often though never with any ill Thought. I do adore you, far be it from me. I was a Wife, I own, near Seven Years, to a very worthy

## LETTER XII.

### CELIA to DAMON.

*Thursday Afternoon,*
*5 o'Clock.*

CELIA.

*Dear Sir,*

BEING disappointed of waiting on you, has caused me to put Pen to Paper to write to you; I have been at my Sister's all this Week, and have not had any Time; and when I received your last, had no time to answer you as I willingly would; although I wrote to you the true Sentiments of my Mind, and I hope with no Offence to you; I hope to spare one Hour some time next Week to see you, and to hear all you will be pleased to reveal to the hard hearted *Celia*; she will with a great deal of Pleasure receive all, coming, as she hopes, from a sincere Friend: I own I pity poor *Celia*'s Misfortune, that she could never have any Compassion for any of your Sex, farther than you see, to know her Duty; pray you inform her when you see her: I believe her to be a Girl of Honour, therefore you may

may with Liberty say what you will, I am certain, it will lie undiscovered with her: I have here sent you the Present of a New Song; pray peruse the last Verse, and the latter part of the second. I hope all your good Family are well. Happiness attend you.

*Your good Friend,*

**CELIA.**

*HOW hard is the Fate*
*of all Woman-kind,*
*For ever dejected,*
*for ever confin'd,*
*Our Parents controul us,*
*until we are Wives,*
*Our Husbands insult us,*
*the rest of our Lives,*
*If fondly we Love,*
*yet we dare not reveal*
*But secretly Languish,*
*Compell'd to conceal.*
*Deny'd all the Freedom*
*of Life to enjoy,*
*We're born'd if we're free,*
*and condemn'd when we're Coy.*

P. S. If you are disposed to answer, I shall readily receive.

## LETTER XLI.

### CELIA to DAMON.

*Dear Friend,*

FOR so I always style those I have any Regard for, your Letter is but just come to my Hand, although 'twas above Three o'Clock yesterday. *Celia* is really obliged to you for your good Thoughts of her, and hopes she may be deserving of them; the Reason of this is, to return you Thanks for your kind Invitation; but I am engaged to-morrow to be with my Relations, and am concerned, to think that I cannot have the Pleasure of one Hour to enjoy my Friend and have an innocent Chat; till some time next Week; for on Tuesday we go five Mile out of Town for a little Pleasure, and they will not go without *Celia*. Whenever you see the little *Bristol* Gipsy, tell her, how she ought to be compassionate; and, if it be possible for her, to behave in the Manner you describe, I know she will; She wishes you Health and Happiness, and will do her Endeavour to see you soon.

*Adieu my secret Friend.*

## ADVERTISEMENT.

ABOUT Ten Years ago there was carried on an Amour (between a very noted Citizen, and Liveryman of *London*, and an *Essex* Gentlewoman) under the Names of CORYDON and PHYLLIS. The Affair of Gallantry continued upwards of Seven Years, and produced a very agreeable Correspondence, not only in *Sheets of Paper*, but *Sheets of Holland*. A few of the Letters which passed between both Parties, shall speedily follow, if CUPID succeeds in his new Employ

[illegible]

Wednesday, 5 o'Clock. PHYLLIS.

---

[illegible]

I [illegible] and kind [illegible] Invitation as *Honour* [illegible] Pleasure in every thing you [illegible] say.—— Oh! that I could make you as sensible of my *Defects*, as I think you deserving of *Them*. Was I in Possession of what I ought to be